Own Terms.

THE PEN AND THE STAGE.

The End of Scanlan's Brilliant Career-His Great Earnings and How They Were Dissipated-A Contrast With Murphy's Provident Habits-Scanlan's Fear of the Mad

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. New York, January 1, 1892. AN HOUR WITH A PLAYWRIGHT IN upper Broadway today yielded an interesting exposure of false protense on the part of actors. The common impression given out by conspicuous stage folks, and especially by "stars," is that their lives are made miserable by the importunities of authors who have plays to sell. Of course a vast quantity of writings by amateurs is sent to actors and managers, just as editors of newspapers and publishers of books are overwhelmed with crude manuscripts, but beyond this undesirable supply the posers of the stage like to make it appear that professional authors grovel at their feet with plays proffered in their appealing, uplifted hands. It is not so. The brief time spent with the dramatist mentioned disproved the familiar fallacy. This writer is by no means illustrious. He is what we would call in the newspaper profession a hack writer. That is to say, he produces such matter as will sell most surely and remuneratively. He has never aspired to writing a drama for its own sake-a work to stand alone on its merits, but his method is to first find a customer in the person of a star, and then fit him out with a play suitable for his best exploitation. Now, this author of medium grade and middling prosperity might be supposed to seek pur-chasers of his wares. Well, as we sauntered along through the portion of Broadway known as the Riaito my companion was stopped by a brisk, smallish young fellow, who proved to be a brother of Lotta, the actress. He told the playwright that his sister, who is taking a vacation this season, would return to the stage next year if she could get a new play that she liked. Then he button holed the author and importuned him to write a piece for her. "Submit a scenario, at least," he pleaded. The author replied that he hadn't time to do that, but if an idea should come to him he might drop a line to Lotta letting her know of it. A little further along we came across Charles Abbott, the husband of Maggie Mitchell, and the first thing that he said to the playwright was: "You said you'd send me the cheme of a play for my wife, but you haven't lone it." My friend retorted that he had made no such promise, and he got away by saying, indefinitely, that he would communicate a plan if one should occur to him. Now, Lotta and Maggie Mitchell are the richest two actresses in the world, yet here was each of them begging a playwright to work for them. Before the end of the hour he had encountered four more man-

was invited to write a play.
"Business seems to be booming," I remarked. "Oh, no," was the reply. "This is the or-dinary sort of thing. You will recall that not one of these men really talked business. They simply wanted me to submit schemes for plays for their rejection in case they didn't like them That would put me to a week or a month of work, according to how soon I might hit upon a scheme, and for that time and labor I would be assured of no pay whatever. But suppose that my scenario did happen to strike the man's fancy? Then he would coolly ask me to write the play on option. Now, my terms are reasonable but invariable. I want \$500 cash down before I put pen to paper, even to so much as write out a scenario. If the scheme of the play is accepted I demand \$500 more becommencing to write the play-contract must assure a production of the piece on or before a certain date, and during its use I must get royalties at the rate of \$15 for each evening performance and \$10 for each matinee until the aggregate of payments has reached \$5,000, at which point the play becomes the property of the purchaser outright. All these men know my schedule of prices. So, when they talk indefinitely, I do am not already engaged."

agers of less prosperous stars, and in every case

MEN WHO MAKE THEIR OWN TERMS There are something like a dozen men of fair ability and much experience in play making who work on this same basis. That is to say, they are being constantly importuned by actors don't do it without a certainty corresponding nearly to that which my friend explained. Be ides these authors there are four American dramatists who won't write a play for a str iam Gillette and Henry C. DeMille. piece which Howard wrote for a star was "In the Adirondacks' for Helen Dauvray, and the got \$10,000 cash down for the ob, with royalties to follow, and piece was a failure at that. This quar-of successful playwrights will not any longer devote their talents to any purpose in which a risk of small recompense is involved. They will write only for stock company productions and under contracts, the terms of which might astonish the general reader, who is inclined, perhaps, to rate all authors as impecunious authors. Each of these four is in to write plays for them. So it is clear that while actors are chased by untried authors with manuscripts they in turn chas SCANLAN'S PATE

It takes a good man to go the pace in this fast world. W. J. Scanlan found the gait too speedy. He had been in the race nearly three years before he quit, not to the surprise, but surely to the sorrow of all who knew him. This young Irish actor and sweet singer, now a sufferer from paresis in its worst form, will le intervenes. The first published accounts of his mental collapse have been softened, prob-ably in consideration of the feelings of the actor's manager and relatives, but the facts cannot longer be disguised. The best brain specialists in this city agree that there is no hope for Scanlan. Six months ago he may have had a chance. He was counselled to work steadily, but above all to resist his old inclina tions; yet he was unable to heed the warning. He had played, it is true, until the last, but there was often a mockery in his performance, which was at times so wretched as to amaze his audience, while at other times it had all the old fire and finish of the past. Work might have helped Scanlan, so the doctors said. They had not counted upon his hours of recreation, and that is where their foresight was at fault. This is a big town, and il liveliest after theater hours. Scanlan found the old habits too strong to overcome. The keenest watchfulness could not prevent him from breaking away, and the breaks have brought him face to face with the finish. Then why not tell the truth about him? Why no point a moral with his sad fate? This man at thirty-five has lived all the life that Octave ras a variety singer, earning \$30 a week; at twenty-seven so clever he was con-sidered worth three times that amount, and at thirty he was a successful star in Irish drama, the youngest up to his time, the best singer of them all, and the one with the bright-est prospects. Seven years ago he began to astonish old actors and managers by the size of his annual profits. They have never since ceased to wonder at those earnings, which were, to tell the truth, inner," and there were seasons when even Emmet, whose periods of inebriety cost him thousands of dollars, figured his profits as a consequence far below those of "Billy" Scanlan. It seems like fiction to say it, but it is nevertheless. years Scanian's tours netted, clear above all expenses, more than Edwin Booth's and Lawrence Earrett's. Their heavy expenses made an inroad into their receipts that was not felt in Scanlan's case, for his company was small and scanan's case, for his company was small and cheap and his scenic outfit was of slight ac-count. The sales of his songs, including the famous "Peek-a-boo," served to increase his profits. Joe Murphy has often said that from the profits of his (Murphy's) songs he has for years paid his own and his wife's hotel expenses all the year 'round, yet no song of Murphy's ever sold like "Peek-a-boo." ever sold like "Peek-a-boo."

content to "save," as in the old days most men "saved up." All the same, he has today the keys of a safe deposit vault in which he keeps nt \$300,000 of government bonds; and 4 pe cent interest suffices him, it seems. Scanlan, too, is wealthy, and he will die surrounded by too, is wealthy, and he will die surrounded by all the luxuries human skill and tender solicitude can plan for him; but he is not half so rich as Murphy, because, in the first place, a manager has (justly enough, however,) enjoyed half the profits of Scanlan's work, and, sgain, because Scanlan, to come back to our first remark, has gone the pace. The gaming table, the wine bottle and the charms of fair women are costly. Scanlan has footed the bills and the summing up is has rooked the bitis and the summing up is heavy. Poker and faro fascinated this man. He could play a day and a balf at a stretch, he was wont to boast. He could bet so long as his check book was in his pocket. And it was his habit in contradistinction to the welching propensities of some actors who, unlike Scanlan, loved the notoriety of the faro bank—to pay in full whenever he lost. He was noted as lend square man. No game was closed to him, as many a game was to louder-mouthed but closer-fisted Thespians. He never went to court when the cards ran against him. He

never squealed SOMETHING ABOUT SCANLAN. To look at him on the street you would never recognize in the undersized, black-eyed, darkhaired, nervous little fellow, whose smile was genial and whose greeting was always cheery, the rollicking and apparently good-sized hero of "Miles Aroon" and "Mayourneen." His stage makeup was singularly deceptive, because it made him handsome and of athletic build. His voice had lost its old sweetness since 1889, when a tour of Texas exhausted him physically and mentally. A pretty woman's face ever had a fascination for this actor, yet he was not what a fascination for this actor, yet he was not a sis-called a masher among actors. It is no se-cret that even within the past few months he had paid assiduous court to a handsome bur-lesquer at Koster & Lial's beer hall, where the lesquer at Koster & Lial's beer hall, where the crowd is always lively and the tempo is always presto. In vain his wife had guarded him from the dressing room to his cab. He was master, and his will was law. The finger of fate can make a mark in Scanlan's case. Two years ago he was a conspicuous volunteer at the big benefit in the Academy of Music to Tony Hart, that other victim of paresis, whose career was analogous in so many respects to that of Scan-lan. They had long been friends, for indeed they were much alike in habits. In the old green room of the historic Academy, Scanlan-already eccentric at times, but not to a degree visible to his associates—chatted and mourned over the fate of poor Tony. "I pray to God," he said to an actor who tells the coincidence today, "that I may never meet the fate of Tony Hart. If I felt it coming and they went to nut me in an asylum I'd brain myself." And in all his lucid moments during the week preceding his collapse he had begged his wife not to send him to a mad house. It seemed to be his only fear. WHAT A DYNAMO IS.

Popular Description of the Main Principle o an Electrical Machine. A Grier in Mechanical and Electrical Progress

The collection of electricity, or its genera tion, as it is often called, is no more or less mysterious than the generation of heat. For those who make no pretensions to understand the governing principles underlying the generation of electricity by a dynamo we present the following brief explanation, which we hope may be easily grasped: Perhaps every reader has played with a com

mon horse-shoe magnet. No one can have one on his hand, even for a few moments, without noticing that the small piece at the two ends called the armature, when brought close to these ends, not being allowed to touch them, is affected by some invisible influence which tends to draw it toward these ends. This mysterious influence is called magnetism. On laying a horse-shoe magnet on a piece of paper placed in a horizontal plane and loosely sprinkling iron filings around these ends it can be seen that there is an apparent current of this influ sace projecting into space from the ends and running across the space at the open ends of the magnet. These imaginary projections or currents of this mysterious influence are called "lines of magnetic force." Here we have the magnetic force, and the next thing is to get the electricity. By moving an armature across these lines of magnetic force at the ends of a magnet we find it requires an expenditure of energy. In the case of a dynamo we obtain this energy from steam, water power or some other source. The generation of electricity is as easily understood as the method of getting power by a steam engine. It is known that if we take a conductor of electricity, like a comwe take any time on them. When a man comes to make any time on the money in his hand for preliminary payment I set to work at once, provided to the provided to the payment I set to work at once, provided to the provided to the payment I set to work at once, provided to the payment I set to work at a payment I set to work at once, provided to the payment I set to work at a payment I s veloped in this conductor. No one pretends back two or three small pink flowers, like to explain why. This is the whole mystery of spring wild flowers, but also made of paper, are dynamo with all its astonishing possiilities in the service of man.

We know how to do it, but are as much in

> A dynamo consists principally of two parts, one of which is a large mass of soft cast or wrought iron called the magnet and the other part is called the armature. Soft iron does not emain permanently as a magnet except to a erry slight degree. However, some magnetism dways remains stored up in the iron. There always remains stored up in the hough to be easily and quickly increased when properly handlet by well-known methods. The revolving shaft, as seen in the ordinary dynamo, is called the armature. The armature is usually constructed by having hundreds of in-sulated copper wires in it and is made to revolve at a high velocity by some mechanical force, such as steam. Suppose this speed is 1,000 revolutions per minute, which is not unusual, and that we have 500 wires on this armature, then we will have, as the armature revolves, what would be equivalent to a single wire cutting across all the lines of magnetic force 500,000 times each minute. The magnet generally surrounds the arm-ature and these magnetic lines of force are shooting through the armature in a continuous stream at an inconceivable velocity.
> All the wire conductors on the revolving armature as they move through the magnetic force are constantly picking up their little share of electricity and unloading it by

means of ingenious mechanical devices con-necting with the conducting wire that leads from the dynamo and receiving the returning electricity on another wire leading back into causes seft iron to become magnetic when sur-rounded by a current of electricity. In the ordinary dynamo this law is of the greatest attility. As the electrical current is being col-lected by the revolving armature it is led around the magnet and thus the magnetic germ is quickly changed into a mighty force, again feeding the armature which transforms i

om magnetic to electrical force. THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD SONG. The Old Oaken Bucket" Said to Have Bee Composed in a Saloon. .

"There have been several versions of the origin of 'The Old Oaken Bucket,'" says Geo. M. Young in the January New England Magazine. The most widely circulated and popularly believed is as follows: When Woodworth was a journeyman printer in an office on the corner of Chatham and Chamber streets in New York, near by in Franfort street was a saloon kent by a room and Valley work. A hem is on the four sides of the long scarf, with a band of drawn work inside, the saloon kept by a man named Mallory, where Woodworth and several particular friends used to resort. One afternoon the liquor was un-usually excellent and Woodworth seemed in-with tapestry dyes in tones of yellow, with usually excellent and Woodworth seemed inspired by it. After taking a draught he set his giass on the table and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's eau de vie was superior to anything he had ever tasted. 'No,' said Mallory, 'you are mistaken: there was one thing which in both our estimations surpassed this in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth dubiously. 'The draught of pure spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket would not be put on top and bottom with tapestry dyes in tones of yellow, with brownish shades in the leaves. The shapes are all worked in long and short stitch, with silks to correspond with the paints. The cover for the pin cushion consists of two round pieces of lines, both scalloped with yellow and an eyelet worked in each scallop. On the piece for the top is a group of the flowers with a leaf or round and covered with yellow satin. Then the two pieces are to be put on top and bottom asly. 'The draught of pure spring water two used to drink from the old oaken bucket hat hang in the well after our return from the that nang in the well after our return from the field on a hot day in summer.' A teardrop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True, true!' he replied, and shortly after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, took a pen, and in half an hour 'The Old Oaken Bucket' was ready in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding

From the New York Ledger.

"No, please," once wrote a lady to a friend, "when I come to see you don't treat me as one of the family. When I hear that promise I stay away. I like, when I go out, to be 'company.' I like to consider guests who come to see me as 'company.' Other people may pre-Between these two actors there is only the one parallel of popular success as evidenced in large profits. Murphy's tours, which grow shorter as he grows older, have netted him yearly from \$25,000 to \$40,000. Scanlan's have which I let fall over the kitchen and its occurant is yearly from \$25,000 to \$40,000. When the parlor and have something which I consider good for tea. The little veil of mystery which I let fall over the kitchen and its occurant is yearly stored.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES

Some Christmas Gifts That Are Worthy of Mention.

Several Styles of Home-Made Photograph

INGENUITY AND TASTESHOWN

Frames Described-The Bow-Knot Decora tion Very Prevalent - Ornaments for Little Girl's Bed Room-China Painting.

Written for The Evening Star.

TIME ANNUAL REACTION AFTER L Christmas has come, and every one feels like resting and lounging a bit, but reaction does not mean stagnation, and the rest must come from change of occupation after all. The winter holidays bring too many engagement forjany one to be very quiet, but the relief that comes from surcease of shopping is a blessing of itself. Every year Christmas presents wax handsomer and more numerous, and the va riety of hand-made articles which are given then is a tribute to industry and good taste all over the land. The beautiful things that fill the shops every one knows, and money can ompass them all, but the individual thought of love that finds expression in some unique and specially appropriate form cannot be bought, and these are the gifts that may be suggestive and suitable in connection with one subject and title. There are many helps to home work that one may buy nowadays that facilitate labor and save time, and all may avail themselves of some such benefit now and again in their arrangements. Different pretty forms in glass and pasteboard for foundations can be got ready cut, and, with these to begin with, the rest is comparatively easy for making many pretty things. Perhaps photograph frames were given this year as ex-tensively as any one thing, when a small gift was in order, and certainly a pretty variety of them has come under my immediate notice. HAND-MADE PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

Leaving out the silver ones, of which so many were given, and, as well, the small oval gilded ones with bow knot atop, I will only speak of the hand-made ones, all probably of home manufacture, and for which foundations may be bought in various shapes. About the prettiest is a frame of white linen in heart shape and with an opening large enough for a cabinet picture. On this is embroidered in two shade of heliotrope silk two or three violets, held to gether by a bow of ribbon which twists and curves gracefully from top to bottom of the frame, where a few more flowers are knotted together by it. The working of the ribbon is ingenious, for it is very effective and so easily done, being in button-hole stitch, crosswise, each stitch making the width of the ribbon, and as they are not set too near together i looks light and suggestive, not so heavy and precise as a more close working would be. A standard at the back is held by a white ribbon to the frame, which is sewed overhand instead of being glued together, as most of them are, a pace being left at the bottom wide enough to slip in the picture.

A WHITE LINEN SQUARE FRAME. Another white linen frame is square, also for cabinet picture, the margin being rather wide. In each upper corner is a bow knot, with one end waving down the side, the other making a continuous ribbon over the top. This design is worked solidly in two tones of orange yellow filofloss, the many turns of the ribbon giving a good effect of light and shade. All such frames are lightly padded and may be perfumed, and this shape has a standard back which is easily arranged by gluing. The double and treble frames are rather super-seded by single ones with standard backs, and the reason is probably that a better angle for the picture is gotten in this way, for in the double ones a straight up and down position is the only one possible and gives the photo-graphs a tipped forward look that is not

Another odd and dainty little frame is made of crepe paper, which is so much used in fanci-ful ways now. This is a two-fold frame covered with white crepe paper, with a bow-knot decoration, made by taking a tiny strip of the spring wild flowers, but also made of paper, ar thrust through a knot of the ribbon, and over all ribbon and frame alike, a brush charge mystery about the reason nature acts in this there, following the upright crepe folds of the way as we are to explain why an apple goes paper and giving the finishing touch to this paper and giving the finishing touch to this unique little frame.

The rage for photograph frames is not con fined to this country, and from abroad come accounts of them made of old brocade, edged rith gold gimp and in pale shades of leather, with silver corners or fleur de lis of gold in the corner, and on silver frames are even coronets of diamonds. These extravagant models we follow afar off, maybe, but with sat-isfaction in the dainty, tasteful results of our

own handiwork.
"This is emphatically a bow-knot year," some one remarked the other day, after surveying the collected Christmas gifts of several households, on so many articles did that decoration appear. In embroidery, combined with flow-ers, it is the favorite design of the moment, and some pretty examples of it are shown forth in the holiday offerings of 1891. A center piece for a luncheon table, or which would be just as pretty for a spread for some dainty white enameled table, is a square of fine white linen with a fringed edge. Inside of this is a ribbon border with bow knots in the corners, all worked solidly in one shade of silvery bine silk. The inner square is powdered with small flowers, worked in Dresden coloring, and it is a charming specimen of this favorite style.

A LITTLE GIRL'S BED ROOM. For a little girl's bed room, which is furnished in white and pink, and where the mantel has festoons and bow-knot decoration in relief, an embroidered set of linen was made for a present, including a long scarf for the chiffonier, a cover just fitting the top of the small dressing table and a chair back for the little pink-covered easy chair. The scarf for the chiffonier has the ends deeply fringed, and above that a band of drawn work. From this until the top of the chiffonier is reached the space is filled by the embroidery. A bow-knot pattern is used here, a bow being in the middle and each end of the band reaching across, the ribbons connecting them. These are all worked in a double row of outlining, two shades of old pink fliofloss being used and a double thread taken. Above the ribbons a space is filled by small pink carnations powdered irregularly and worked in solid stemstitch. The dressing table has a hemstitched cover, with the same design arranged to suit its shape for a borde and the pinks inside. The little tidy has only the ribbon part of the pattern and a rosette of narrow pink ribbon like the silks fastens it to Another linen set for a bureau which was in

corners being very elaborate. Several group of flowers and leaves are scattered over the the two pieces are to be put on top and botton

As usual doities were given and received, and some novelties in their adornment are seen. A pretty little one for cake plate or any similar use has a center of linen cambric and a lacework border, made of honiton lace braid, but ton-holed down so as to form a wheel-like design, white sewing silk being used for the but-ton-holing and the lace stitches which connect the wheels. This is a new kind of lace work and may be adapted to many things, being very showy in effect. A household journal for the present mouth has an article devoted to this use of lace braids and it will doubtless be

suggestive to many needleworkers.

Another beautiful specimen of embroidery which I saw is of the most intricate drawn work—a wife border on a center square of linen, which is diministive compared with th edge. The interweaving of fine thread in the lace-like web is wonderful to those who have no skill in that kind of work. A dainty apron for covering a dark dress where delicate work is in the hands is of white India silk

apron will be more durable than at first sight

CHINA DECORATIONS

On the china, which was painted this holiday eason by amateurs, the bow-knot fancy was developed likewise, and a square bonbon box is a pretty example of the style. On a ground-work of pale green a wreath of pink flowers, with a pink ribbon waving in and out, was skillfully painted. The simulated ribbons in the china, which cross the box, with the bow-kuct handle on the top, are in the rich gold which adds so much to any china. The initial of the recipient is on one side, making a very tasteful and useful souvenir. A novelty in work, is a paper weight for a desk, which is easy to use and decorative. Both are painted in Dresden designs, with one large bunch of flowworthy?" ers and scattered smaller ones and a filigree gold border and knob on top, touched up with gold in the same way. These are decided novelties, and, as very few could be found for decorating they are not likely to become hackneyed a

THE GIANT CRABS OF JAPAN. An Unpleasant Companion to Have in

From St. Nicholas. Enoshima is an island lying some thirty miles elow Yokohama. At low tide Enoshima is a rocky peninsula joined to the land by a long andy bar. At high tide the water covers this andy strip, and in time of heavy storms also the far-reaching waves make it an island and urround it with foam. Enoshima is covered with groves and ancient temples, and there is ven a temple in a cave far in under the island, which one can enter only at low tide. Tea houses and pretty summer villas peep from the dense groves; and while pilgrims resort there to pray, other people go to enjoy fish dinners and to buy all the curious shells, ponges, corals, seaweeds and pretty trifles hat can be made of shells and fish scales. hat can be made of shells and fish scales.

The only unwelcome visitor to this beautiful ach is the giant crab, whose shell is about as arge as that of the green turtle, whose eyes project and wink and roll horribly, while each of his claws measures five to six feet in length.

The ordinary visitor does not meet this crab ralking up the beach in the daylight. Heavy storms sometimes sweep them in from the deep waters where they live, and the fishermen hunt them on the reefs offshore, or to their surprise bring them up in their nots. The weight of the crab and the thrashing of his claws generally ruin the fisherman's net, and he is an impleasant fellow traveler in a small boat. Such a crab in the middle of a boat twelve feet ong could reach out to both ends of it and nip he men at bow and stern; and his reach, measured sidewise, in the real crab fashion, is some-times over twelve feet. The fishermen used to consider it bad luck to haul up one of these crabs in a net. They would make quick work of throwing the crab back into the water, and afterward beg in the cave shrine of Benten Sama that the gods should not plague them with any more such luck. In this modern and noney-making day the fishermen have learned big crab is worth more than a whole netful of common fish. Every perfect crab landed can be sold for \$5 or more, and in time each travels to a foreign country and becomes ne gem in some museum's collection of shell-The fisher folk along this far Pacific strand

ell some stories that make a bather find this crab as dreadful as the cuttlefish, which also these waters. They claim that the big crab will fight fiercely when attacked, and will, without reason, nip at any moving thing. Then, too, they say that its eyes give out light and glow like balls of fire in the dark. Some revelers coming home very late from the tea cuses of the neighboring village of Katase ave been frightened sober by seeing the beach full of these red-eyed crawling monsters, which cracked their claws in the air and rattled their bodies over the stones as they gave chase. In Japanese fairy stories these crabs have run away with bad little boys and girls, haunted wicked persons' dreams and taken other part in human affairs. The Enoshima crabs were brought into modern English fiction by Rider Haggard in his story, "Allan Quatermain." n that book the heroes came out from an nr deep and narrow canyon. When they stoppe to rest and eat an army of crabs came up at the smell of food, and rolled their eyes and cracked their claws until they frightened the beroes away.

Mr. Haggard says in a foot note that he had ead of these crabs in some book of travel, and borrowed them for this canvon scene to make Allan Quatermain's adventures the more ex-

THOSE WHO TEST TEA

To Preserve a Delicate Taste Sense Abjure High-Seasoned Food.

Tea tasting is a remunerative business and t should be, for experts devote their lives to the cultivation of taste and smell. In order to do this they deny themselves many luxuries. But few of them smoke, as that habit has a tendency to blunt their sense of taste. The same is true of wine and liquor drinking, and those who do permit themselves at times to indulge in a cigar or a glass of wine take only the very best to be obtained and then limit themselves to very small quantities.

They are also careful about the seasoning of their food; too much red pepper has a tendency to blunt the sense of taste, and the tea tester who wishes to make himself successful in his usiness has his food much less highly flavored with red pepper or spices than is exacted by the club man and the epicure.

The testing of teas is usually done in the morning, the tester preferring the hours before

noon for his work to those later in the day He himself can give no logical reason for this except that he finds his sense of taste more cute during the hours before noon, and consequently prefers those hours for his work. When the test is to be made, forty or fifty tiny cups are filied with tea freshly brewed and unsweetened. The tester sips from each cup, and can at once tell the exact character, grade and

line of tea he tastes.

If the tea given him to taste is a shade below that usually to be expected from the grade he can at once detect it, and is relied upon by the mporter to estimate the difference in between such tea and the best tea of that grade. He must also fix the value of all the tea before him, even to the half and quarter cent. It can thus be seen how very finely his sense of taste is cultivated.

In the majority of instances the testers are a curious class. It has been said that they make a living by committing slow suicide. It is a well-recognized fact that the excessive and constant drinking of tea is as dangerous to the physical system as the excessive use of alcohol. and those who ought to know assert that the and those who ought to know assert that the majority of the men engaged in this method of earning a livelihood become so addicted to the stimulation produced by the drinking of tea that they are as much slaves to the habit as is the Frenchman to his absinthe or the Chinaman

the Frenchman to his absinthe or the Uninaman to his opium.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, in every tea broker's office there are ten or a dozen boys who are being trained to the business. One of the first things that the apprentice is taught is absolute cleanliness. He must keep his person clean in order to develop thoroughly the sense of taste or smell necessary to success in the husiness he has a chosen sary to success in the business he has chosen This sense is developed in him much like the sense of touch is developed in the blind or the sense of sight in the deaf and dumb.

The Way to Trent Then



two?"
The daughter—"Why, yes—of course."
Pater—"Then I'm going to let you give him
a receipted bill for every dollar he owes me
and a first-class ticket to Liverpool."

"Poor old Lushforth fell down and broke the "Don't you mean the bridge?"
"You might call it a bridge, but as no wate

HE WAS CAUTIOUS. And Created a Coolness by Inquiring for Her

From London Tid Bits. He-"Would you object to my proposing to ou?"
She (with timorous composure)—"Not the

slightest." He-"You would be perfectly willing that ength of time I have worshiped you and oved you and the terrible despair which has been mine as I saw you universally adored and perceived how little chance there was of my hopes being realized while you remained queen over the hearts of suitors far more

She (as before)—"Perfectly willing."
He—"Would you prefer me to make the proposal standing or kneeling?"
She (correctly lowering her eyes)—"I think

he latter way would be far better form. He—"Would you prefer the declaration is anguage fervent, fierce and outspoken, outspecken, outspecken, passionate and contained." intense, passionate and contained?"

She (with considerable promptness—"Fervid, fierce and outspoken."

He-"And would you deem it indiscreet i the proposer, during the declaration, should print some kisses on the hand of the proposee?" She (with artless candor)—"Yes, if there were anything better and more satisfying reason ably contiguous."

He—"If he encountered a feeble opposition on the

merely would you consider it unwise on the part of the proposer should he pass his arm around the proposee's waist?"

She (gently but firmly)—"It would be, I think, a matter of extreme regret if he failed to comprehend whatever possibilities the situa-

He—"And in case the proposer should, after slight resistance, realize these possibilities would you consider such slight resistance suffi-cient or converge to the slight resistance sufficient encouragement to justify him in fondly folding the proposes to his beart?"

She (as before)—"Undoubtedly."

He—"Taking it for granted, then, that the last situation has been consummated, can you see no reason why the proposer should not rightly regard himself in the light of a magnifi-

cent successes as a wooer?" She (promptly)—"I cannot."
He—"Or why he should not be joyful in the thought that for the nonce, at least, she is his and he hers?"

and he hers?"

She (with some impatience)—"No."

He—"Now, appearing to you as belonging to that sex which intuitively sees and understands the peculiar properties of an emergency of this sort, are there not occasions more appropriate than others for a declaration of love?"

She (triding parameters with her handlers. She (trifling nervously with her handker-chief)— There are. The elements of time, place and nability of interruption must, of course, be properly regarded."

He-"Do you believe the present contain those elements?"

She (trifling more nervously with her hand-kerchief)—"I have no doubt of it." He-"You also believe, do you not, that tastes, inclinations-in fact, all dispositions characteristics are found to be conspicuously similar, more especially in family gro She (triffing most nervously with her hand kerchief)—"Certainly."

He—"Now, for instance, you and your sis

ter are, I fancy, vivid illustrations of this tru-She (elevating her eyebrows)-"Yes, Mabe and I are, so far as preferences and dislikes are concerned, singularly similar."

He—"Is your sister at home?"

She (slowly looking him over)-"I think sh He--"Will you tell her, please, I would like to see her-alone?

O'er hill and vale a solemn stillness reigns And folds the earth in nature's mystic sleep, While from the unknown, infinite domains The twinkling stars their gentle vigil keep. But now the lights of heaven, one by one, As dew drops sparkling in the summer field. Grow faint and disappear before the sun E'en ere his fulgent splendor is revealed. For see! the shrouded distant hills grow bright, While whisp'ring melodies the day proclaim; The radiant sun dispels the darksome night His slumb'ring mistress to again reclaim! With fond caress he wakes the blushing earth And wondrous life once more is given birth.

-CLIFFORD HOWARD

when the Duchess of Teck was a girl. I remember well how she was the heart and soul of all the gayeties at the Castle of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, even at the age when she had hardly entered into her teens. She was a lovely girl, but a romp and tomboy of the first order, from whose practical, though innocent, jokes nobody at the castle was safe. If all the candles in a room went suddenly out, or if ghostly torms appeared to visitors on their way to their bed room, Princess Mary was sure to be at the bo

tom of the plot.
One winter evening (continues the same cor one winter evening (continues the same cor-respondent) stands out especially in my mem-ory. A party of children were frolicking about the castle, Princess Mary the brightest and gay-est among them. They were playing about the corridors, and I have a very vivid recollection of seeing the princess rush along in wild haste, pursuing one of her visitors. Suddenly her hair, which was held up at the back of her head by an arrow-shaped ornament, came down and enveloped her as in a shower of gold. I never saw such lovely hair as that of the Duchess of Teck when she was a girl. As she flew along, with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, she dashed the arrow through it and vanished int a gallery. She was a favorite with everybody a girl of remarkably sunny temper, and ever her tutors and governesses were always on her side, though they confessed that she was "a fair handful."

From the Minneapolis Tribune. "You know old Aaron Meadows that used to live on the banks of the Kankakee river in Stark county," said a visitor at the Nicollet House yesterday while talking with an Indiana friend. "There was no poetry or sentiment about Aaron, and figures of speech were wasted on him. Last summer Aaron's wife died very suddenly, and it broke the old man all up. He in some way seemed to shrink and grow older. One day he was leaning on the bars, thinking of her, no doubt, as passed the time o' day with him. Si hadn't seen Aaron since his wife died, and so he says to the old man, kind of tender like: 'Wall, Aaron, poor Martha has gone over the river has she? "Aaron looked up at him in surprise, and

then said bitterly and with tears in his voice Over the river! No, she ain't. She dead b'gosh! Deader'n a smelt!"

Justified in Holding Out.

From the Comic.

A story is told of a well-known judge who i without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the officer what was the matter and learned from him that one juror was holding out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and, stating to the jury that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood the one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He pro-ceeded to rebuke the juror sharply. The obsti-nate juror was a nervous little man, and as soon as the judge was done he arose and said: "Your honor pay I are a pro-12" "Your honor, may I say a word?"
"Yes, sir," said the indignant judge; "what

have you to say?"
"Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only

Precious Love Letters From the Chicago Tribune.
"What is in the package?" asked the clerk at the express office, proceeding to fill out a

"Old letters," replied the young woman "Value?" mechanically inquired the clerk. "Fifty thousand dollars." And the plaintiff in the breach of promise case of Joone against De Cember, who had just remitted a batch of documents to her lawyer, walked out of the express office vivid but business-like gleam in her eye.

Why He Complained of the from the Pittsburg Chronicle.
"The drinking water here is absolutely vile," said a visitor to the city. "Don's you think

"I'm not complaining."
"You are not! You're the first person I've
met who hasn't found fault with it? What's the

YEARS DO NOT MAKE OLD AGE. Where There is Vigor of Mind and Body There is Youth.

From the British Medical Journal.

Sir James Crichton-Browne has enumerated instances of long-lived persons possessing all should state in a few well-chosen words the allow him fully to develop. It seems a physiological law that the functions of the body must be kept in exercise in order to maintain of the mill or any other machine that it will fellow and the son of a pleasant man and excelrust out from disuse sooner than wear out by

employment.

The fact is constantly observed in persons engaged in commercial pursuits who retire at he age of sixty and then fall into rapid decay, while professional men remaining at work pre-serve their vigor, often for another twenty years. It is a sad thing to see the nerve centers decay, with a corresponding weakness of body and mind, but it is still sadder to witness, with a wrinkling of the skin, a corresponding shrinkage of the brain, allowing vanity and some of the weakly passions which had been kept in suppression to come again to the fore.

How different is the spectacle when the organ is kept in its integrity by constant use, and the

that hard work does not kill. The toil, how-

A speaker at the recent international con-gress showed by experiments upon school children when three or four sums in arithmetic were given in succession that each sum showed showing the necessity for diversity of work. thereby leaving the patient without other emoccupation of other faculties roused into action new surroundings. There is no reason why old age should not be

as happy and as enjoyable as any other period of life. If old persons be asked as to their consciousness of age they will all with one consent declare that there exists nothing of the kind.

Owing to the prominence of the parties to the killing, and its cruel nature, nearly every-An old person has a knowledge of his age the same way as his friends, he sees it by looking in the mirror; by remembrance of past events, or the loss of contemporaries, but he is not constantly carrying about with him the conviction or feeling that he is old; he is thus still able to | change of venue, and the cas

course, different from those of youth; and even when decay comes, and a man is becoming free from the remembrance of all earthly things, then, as Sir James Paget says (and no better example could be found of full mental

"We are able to see in old age glimpses of the remembrance of feats of prowess nor in the egotistic exercise of power, but in the conquest pe and in the discrimination of "Depend upon it, the best antiseptic against enile decay is an active interest in human

affairs, and that those keep young longest who In the same key did Oliver Wendell Holmes the laureate of old age, sing when some ladies lately presented him with a loving cup in his

Better love perfume in the empty bowl Than wine's nepenthe for the acning soul; Sweeter than song that ever poet sung. It makes the old heart young. A GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB

How to Form One and How It Should B Conducted With Success From the Ladies' Home Journal.

A literary club for girls may be organized in some such manner as this: The girls need not necessarily be of equal capacity or identical tastes. In fact, some diversity in these respects would be for the general advantage. But all who take part should be interested in reading and study and have in some measure the desire and capacity to produce. The meetings may be held weekly or at longer intervals. The time occupied in reading, studying and discussing the various questions that will naturally a rise. Once a month each member should hand in a story, sketch or poem (without signature), which should be read aloud, in turn, by the presiding officer or an appointed reader. No name being appended, the party should feel free mitted, criticise and suggest improvements. while at the conclusion a vote should be taken as to which of those offered should be entitled in the general opinion to the highest place Each girl should endeavor, not so much to copy the style and manner of any particular friend or admired writer, but to improve, prune and embellish her own natural production. At stated intervals some older and experienced Sterary friend should be invited to be present and give the benefit of his or her opinion and criticism. One subject might be agreed upon as the theme for all pens, or each individual could be left to her own inclinations, and the intermediate readings or study would, of course, bear upon the articles written. Patience, per-severance and good nature are most essential From the Comic.

A story is told of a well-known judge who is noted for his fondness in conveying to jurors in his charges to them his own opinions in regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement the jury remained out for hours without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the officer what was the matter and A Girl's Own Room

> Somebody once said, "Show me awoman's bed room and I will tell you what she is like." It is natural for every girl to want her own little nest to look as pretty as possible, and I wish I could encourage her in this, writes Ruth Ashmore in the January Ladies' Home Journal. Let her learn to have around her the books that are really hers, the photographs of her special friends, the little bits of bric-a-brac

special friends, the little bits of bric-a-brac which she has picked up here and there and which were given her at Christmas-tide or on her birthday. Put all these where they will show at their best and do not be afraid of furnishing even your bed room with too many books or pictures. Remember, though, that it is your bed room and that you must leave sufficient space to move around, to dress and undress, and that you must not lumber your dressing table with trifles of no moment, when you want the room for your brushes and the numerous boxes and bottles that hold your toilet belonging. An overcrowded bed room is a horroor and an inconvenience. Have one or two big easy chairs; with a view not only of the comfort of today, but of the time when it is possible you may be a bit of an invalid and want a comfortable chair to enshrine you. These chairs need not be richly upholstered ones, but instead of rattan or wood made delightful with great big soft cushions, luxuries, by the way, that when bought are rather expensive. However, the girl who is making her room look pretty can beg one or two pillows not in use, from the household store, and covering them with gay silk wrought ever with embroidery silk and tinsel thread can have them to look as rich as those gotten at the smartest upholsterar's.

TRIED SIX TIMES FOR MURDER.

One of the most noted murder cases in the state has just been disposed of in Cumberland lent citizen, wrought havoe among the hearts

of the neighbor girls. Among the neighbors of the Franklins was the family of a gentleman named Elisha Smith.

Being in every way social equals, the two fambelief produces a mysterious dread arginal belief produces a mysterious dread, against ilies were on intimate terms, and young Austin Franklin was a frequent visitor at the Smith Among the Smiths' ther possessions was a handsome young daughter, and to her Austin Franklin paid devoted court. RUMORS ABOUT THE COUPLE.

In the process of time the names of Franklin and Miss Smith became coupled together in ugly whispers and insinuations, and finally the ugly whispers and insinuations, and finally the report, by this time rife in the neighborhood, by a man against his mother, in one of the mental faculties preserved in all their pristine force. We have only to look around and to see our poets, bishops, judges, ministers of state and medical men long lived and still in mental vigor while working at their respective avocations.

came to the ears of the father of the girl. Instead of shouldering a shotgun and making a hunt for Franklin, as most Kentucky fathers do, the unhappy man merely went to the young man, remountable to the peace. Various witnesses testified as to strated with him and urged him to right the strated with him and urged him to right the their experiences in witchcraft, and only one strated with him and urged him to right the their experiences in witchcraft, and only one strated with him and urged him to right the their experiences in witchcraft, and only one Very remarkable, too, is it that, as Sir James wrong he had done his victim. This Franklin said that he had never had a friend or relative Crichton-Browne observed, the freedom of language will remain as good as ever. An illus- satisfied in the assurance that justice would be In divers villages in Pennsylvania, some of

cussion on the London university questions, when two of the most logical and well-expressed speeches were made by octogenarians.

We can at the present time point to statesmen and lawyers of great age still before the public, as not long ago we could see Lord Palmerston, Lord Prougham, Lord Lyndhurst and others. In former times we may remember Newton living to be eighty-five, while Sophocles is said to have lived to be ninety and Plato not much short of this. It is clear that hard work does not kill. The toil, however, must be agoing the state of the morning was broken being the agoing the strangers, but to those whom they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells core are strangers, but to those whom the strangers, but to those whom they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells core are strangers, but to those whom they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells core are strangers, but to those whom they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells arrived on the scene saw old man Smith in the throws of death, with five gaping wounds in his body. Every one of the assassin's shots had taken effect. The murderer had stood behind a bickers to a bright sunday morning, however, a when two citizens of them in the Dunkard settlement, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are strangers, but to those whom they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells arrived on the scene saw old man Smith in the give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, the strangers are stated in an article in the New York Sun arrived on the scene saw old man Smith in the give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, the strangers are strangers. In the interior parts of them in the Dunkard settlement, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewdency the break of them in the Dunkard settlement, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are strangers, but to those whom the assassin's shots had taken effect. The murderer had stood behind a hickory tree by the side of

The oldest daughter of the murdered man was the first person to arrive on the scene of the tragedy. She testified that when she reached there her father cried out that Austin rectness and as regards the time in which it was completed. The one faculty employed was gradually exhausted, a fresh piece of evidence fifteen paces away, pistol in hand, and that fifteen paces away, pistol in hand, and that when he saw her he turned and ran over the In the treatment of persons with mental hill. In a few minutes other parties had artrouble or worry the very worst method is to rived, but the bullets had already done their work and Elisha Smith was a dead man. The daughter proceeded to Edmonston ployment than to brood over his sorrows. True very night and swore out a warrant charging rest to the mind is only to be obtained by the Franklin with the crime. Franklin was ar-

rested and at the examining trial was put un-der heavy bond to answer before the circuit court. When court convened he was imme

the killing, and its cruel nature, nearly every-body in Metcalf county ranged themselves on one side or the other, and it soon became apparent that public opinion was overwhelmingly against Franklin. At the next term of court Franklin's counsel made application for a occupy himself in the business and pleasures of life.

Buffon spoke of his green old age as one of buffon spoke old age as one of buffon spoke old age as the happiest periods of his life, although the cused at the outset was in good financial con-kind of pleasures then experienced are, of dition, and spent money for the son lavishly. The very best legal talent was obtained. SENTENCED TWICE FOR LIFE.

Six times has the case been put on trial. Four better example could be found of full mental activity by continued work), it may be so ordered on purpose that the spirit may be invigorated and undisturbed in the contemplation of the brightening future.

Franklin has been sentenced to the Burkstury of life. In the trial concluded at Burkstulle a few days ago a jury could not be obtained even in Cumberland county, and a major was summoned from Clinton. times the juries have disagreed, and twice Another writer, speaking of old age in reference to the decease of an eminent barrister, also maintained that the highest faculties are kept keen by constant exercise, and the brain vigorous by constant exercise, and the brain special venire was summoned from Clinton. Immediately after the rendering of the last verdict sentencing Franklin for life his counsel gave notice that they would be constant extends on the ground of correct in the counsel gave notice that they would be constant extends on the ground of correct in the content and the days ago a jury count and the object tained even in Cumberland county, and a special venire was summoned from Clinton. vigorous by constant action and renewal.

The understanding has often been in the highest perfection in quite advanced old age, and that has been the best period of human life. It is the time when the rage and storm of passion have diedaway, when the jealousies and cares of a career have ceased and been forgot-

When Her Mother Was a Girl.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The betrothal of pretty Princess Mary of Teck, writes a correspondent, recalls the days when the Duchess of Teck was a girl. I remember 1 remember 1 remember 1 remember 2 remainded and been lorgottened a and his relatives and is really not yet settled. A peculiarly sad feature of the last trial was hat Franklin's father, a man aged and worn by his son's disgrace, took sick in the court room and died before he could be removed to his home. His death was caused by grief over the course of his son and disappointment at

A KING AMONG INDIANS.

Central American Story That Rivals That of Capt. John Smith. A correspondent of the New York Sun at San Jose, Costa Rica, writes: A few days ago

ican who came from Baltimore more than thirty years ago to seek his fortune, and who had never revisited the United States. This was John E. Lyon, who, during these thirty long years, was the first and for a time the only white man in Talamanca. that marvelous and as yet little known country. Lyon was originally a sea captain. He drifted into the harbor of Bocas del Toro, saw the magnificent virgin forests of the coasts. and dreamed of enchanting, untrodden re-gions awaiting him further inland. He went up the rivers a little distance and decided that he had not been mistaken. There was small sign of human life. He resolved to locate and create a habitation in the new paradise. But he was not permitted to remain long undisturbed. From their palenques up the head of the Sixola and the Uren and Chiriquen there swooped down upon him a num-ber of dusky warriors, bronze-limbed, supple, fierce of aspect. They made him prisoner, and their king, whose name was Lapiz (Peucil in Spanish), ordered his execution. Lyon was in a bad way. He could not speak their language, and what Spanish be had acquired in touching and what Spanish he had acquired in touching as a mariner at Spanish ports was of no use.

He was bound to a tree, and there, in passive despair, awaited the poisoned arrow which was to put an end to him. Something in his very quietude and calmness caused the Indians to pause and hold a conference. He was certainly brave. His bravery affected these children of a nation that had held its own for centuries in spite of the investing Spanish forces. spite of the invading Spanish forces. It is uncertain whether any Talamanca maiden played the part of Pocahontas or not, but at all events the prisoner was untied and led away to a sort of prison. After awhile he was liberated, and as he seemed to be amiable and friendly the Indians took a fancy to him. As the years went by he became their friend and adviser, married one of their women and had a couple of children. The Costa Rica government appreciated his services as a civilizer and appointed him jefe politico for the region, giving him a large tract of land. Here he lived year after year in a two-roomed house of cana, with comfortable beds, a table, ing and so kept account of the flight of time. I visited him last July with a party of other explorers and slept for several nights in his cana house, built high above the ground to shelter the cattle that crept underneath at night and lowed mysteriously in one's very ears. His house was half a mile distant from

ears. His house was half a mile distant from the San Bernardo settlement, surrounded on all sides by lush grasses and with a mysterious woodland path leading off toward the sparkling Urenriver. All the Talamanca Indians of the present generation regarded him as their father. He spoke to them in their own tongue, and his slightest request was law. He had beautiful fields of cacao, and the beginning of a tobacco plantation and a good deal of live stock, and fine large cances to go up and down the river; but he had not the sign of a modern implement, such as one would look for on hearing the word "American."

He appeared to exist dreamfully from day to day, happy in simply existing in those splendid and remote forests, with their small clearing, their mysterious palenques, and in the distance the alluring mountains where the gold is hidden. One of the highest peaks in the southern Cordillera is named for him, Mt. Lyon. He was a curious-looking man, thin the bouthern Cordillers is named for him, Mt. Lyon. He was a curious-looking man, thin and delicate, perhaps sixty years of age: gentle and courteous in an old-fashioned way, and utterly out of the world of the north that had been his childhood's home. The Costa Ricans gave him a fine funeral, with military honors and speeches, and buried him in the Panteon, the beautiful cemetery of this capital.

WITCHCRAFT. A Majority of the Citizens of the United

Witchcraft is at the present time believed in county, Ky., according to a special to the Phil- by a majority of the citizens of the United their faculties unimpaired, and opened up a adelphia Times. It was a bloody and tragic States. The larger number of immigrants from subject full of interest and which even the affair and was remarkable for its cold-blooded the continent of Europe are more or less in large space occupied by his address did not atrocity. In April, 1882, Austin Franklin fear of such powers. To these must be added was a gay young man of Fern's Fork, Metcalf no inconsiderable proportion of persons of county. He was a wild young blade that cut a English and Scotch descent, for a strong vein wide swath among the susceptible young ladies of superstition is discernible in many Irish, their efficiency, and it is as true of the body as of the section, and, being a good looking young Scotch and some English, whose "folk-lore," diffused in nursery tales and neighborhood gossip, has entwined itself strongly about the fibers of spontaneous subconscious mental imagery. Among the more ignorant members of

> resort to various rites supposed to be effic Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The interior of Pennsylvania affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale, than any other state. It has been counties of Pennsylvania, to recover damages for a dog which he charged her with having

en and women cross themselv

where a large proportion of the white popula-tion cannot read, and there is little admixture ever, must be genial and diversified. The man of business often had no occupation besides his bread winning, whereas a medical man has a variety of subjects to interest him.

and at occupation to the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "where a large proportion of the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "where a large proportion of the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are "where a large proportion of the white population cannot read, and there is little admixture of society, there are suming that all disease is caused by witches, said Franklin short him. suming that all disease is caused by witches, secure a thriving practice in counteracting their influence. The Philadelphia Times, on the authority of a reputable correspondent, who gives many facts to sustain his representations, says: "For generations the poor whites have believed in witches, and the belief is deep-seated and incurable."

The African population brought this belief from the dark continent, and it persists among them to this day, though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

I have recently noted in various parts of the United States more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who, they claimed, had be witched them; but under existing laws the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.

During pedestrian tours in New England, in Puring pedestrian tours in New England, in various parts of the west and in every southern state I have frequently stayed for the night at the houses of poor farmers, laborers, fisher-men and trappers. In such journeys I have invariably listened to the tales of the neighborhood, stimulating them by suggestion, and have found the belief in witchcraft cropping out in the oldest towns in New England, sometimes within the very shadow of the buildings where a learned ministry has existed from the settlement of the country and public schools have furnished means of education to all classes. The horseshoes seen in nearly every county and often in every township upon the houses and often in every township upon the houses of persons suggested the old horseshoe beneath which Lord Nelson, who had long kept it nailed to the mast of the Victory, received his death wound at Trafalgar.

Attacks Upon Public Parks. From the Century. The fight to prevent the injury and impair-

ment of public parks, large and small, appears to be a perpetual one. There is always springing up some new person or persons possessed it in one way or another. If the park be small one in a great city, the hostile attack takes the form of a request to run a railway across or over a corner of it, or to be granted a years ago it was proposed with much serious-ness to run an elevated railway across the Central Park, and it was claimed that the structure might be of such architectural beauty as to constitute an additional charm for the park. Again, it was proposed to construct along the entire length of one side of the same park a speeding track for horses, which should be devoted to fast driving by the owners of blooded horses. In Boston and other cities the proposition is made anew every year to allow the city parks to be used as training and parade

grounds for the militia.

The attacks upon the great parks, those of the Adirondacks, the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, differ only in degree. Somebody wishes to run a railway into or through them, or to there died at the hospital in this city an Amerconstruct a highway across them, or to use por-tions of them for some kind of private enterprise of a profitable nature. The mere sight of so much property lying idle appears to be irritating to the utilitarian spirit of the age. irritating to the utilitarian spirit of the age. Men wish to get at it and make it earn something for them. And the first excuse that they make is that their particular project will be a great public convenience. If it be a railway that they propose, they say it will not injure the park, but bring its beauties and delights within easy reach of thousands of people who otherwise would never be able to enjoy them. If they wish to cut down trees, they say they only desire to do so in order to improve the views, to "open vistas" from hotels and thus increase the enjoyment of visitors. "Opening vistas" has long been the favorite device of park desolators all the way from New York city to the Yosemite valley, and is one of the most extreme and violent forms is one of the most extreme and violent forms of park vandalism ever invented. All these attacks are open to the same objection, which is unanswerable, that they remove, in part if not

entirely, the very qualities which are essenti

From St. Nicholas.

It appears that a bright little fifteenth-century Italian boy, a son of humble and honest parents, was possessed by a strong desire to go to sea, and so when he was about fourteen years of age he was allowed to make his first voyage. Of course there was no such thing as steam navigation in those days, so this boy went on a navigation in those days, so this boy went on a sailing ship, and a pretty mean one at that. At the start he was as proud and happy a little mariner as one could wish to see. But trouble came. The ship caught fire, and as this ftalian boy never had heard of your old friend Casabi-anca and the situation was desperate he sprang overboard. Fortunately he caught hold of an oar, and with its assistance he determined to swim all the way to land, wherever it might be It was a hard tussle with the waves for a boy of fourteen, but he had grit and resolution, and, in short, there was other work waiting for him somewhere, he knew. So he swam on for in later years—what he accomplisuffered; whether he was a be

